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# HUMPHREY

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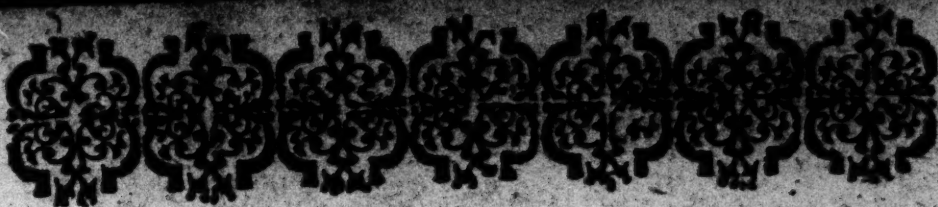
WRITTEN

JOHN DAY



... and me to be ...  
... Church ...  
... 1806





## To Signior No-body.



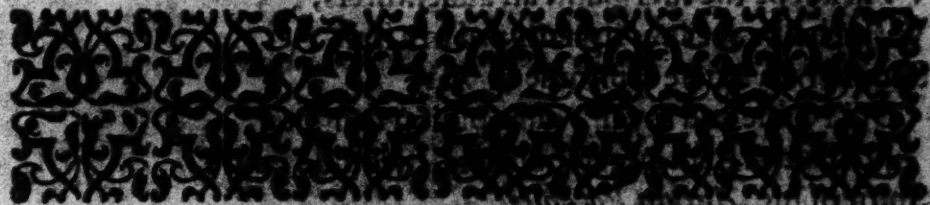
Orthlesse sir, I present you with these my vnperfect labours, knowing that what defect in me or neglect in the Printer hath left vnperfect, judgement in you will wink at, if not thinke absolute. Being to turne a poore friendlesse childe into the world, yet sufficiently featur'd too, had it been all of one mans getting, (wee to the iniquitie of Time the whilest) my desire is to preferre him to your seruice: in which, as he shall be sure to get nothing, so likewise my hope is, he shall not loose much: For your bounty neither makes strangers loue you, nor your followers enuie you: you are a Patrone worthe the Sister-hood, I meane, the poore halfe dozen, for the Three Elders, they climbe aboue my element: the Sunne, the Moone, and the seven Stars being scarce worthe the seruice of their workings: I protest I had rather bestow my paynes on your good worship for a brace of Angells certaine, then stand to the bounty of a Better-mans Purse-bearer, or a very good woman Gentleman-vther: my reason is I cannot stand your Bis dat, qui cito stands so like a Load-stone ouer your greate gate, that I feare, will drawe all the Iron-pated Masse-mongers about the towne in a short time to your patronage. For mine owne part, I had rather bee yours volens, then be drinen Nolens: So will I meete you next at your great Castle in Fish-street, ife neither taste of your bounty, nor be drunke to your health.

One  
of your first followers,  
Iohn Daye.





# ACT V. Scene 1.



*Enter Othello Duke of Venice, Hippolyta and Francisco his sonnes,  
Florimell his daughter, Horatio and others attendants.*

**Oth.** **S**onnes, hopefull buddees of fructfull Ipe,  
Having banish't war, which like a prodigall  
Kept wastfull reuels with our subiects blood,  
Since proude *Ambrosio* our arch-enemy  
Is in his iourney towards th' vnderwood,  
Or houters in the shade of banishment,  
Let vs in peace smile at our victory,  
And euery brest passe his opinion,  
What pastime best becomes a conqueror.

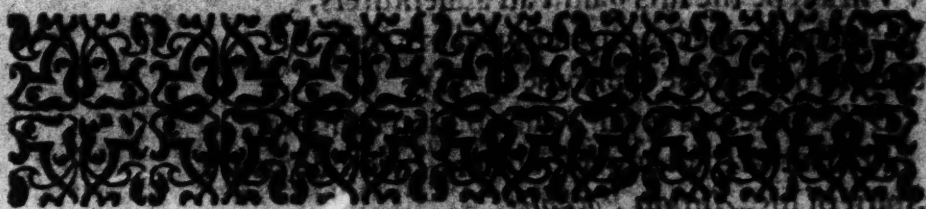
*Franc.* What sport but conquest for a conqueror,  
Then with our wounds vndress our heads, full and  
Branded with Steele ere we wipe of the blood  
Of conquer'd foes, lets with our shaltes and  
Summon the surly Landlord of the fountaine,  
The Kingly Lyon to a bloudy paxe,  
Combat the Hart, the Leopard or the Boar,  
In single and aduenturous hardymen,  
The spirit of mirth in manly action rests,  
Having queld men, lets now go conquer beastes.

**Oth.** Manly resolute *Hippolyta* and *Othello's* sonnes,  
*Hip.* Rather like souldiers, and *Othello's* sonnes,  
Lets throw a generall challenge through the world,  
For a proud turney, at the which our selues





# ACT V. Scene I.



*Enter Octavio Duke of France, Hippolita and Francisca his sonnes,  
Florimell his daughter, Herenbo and others attendants.*

**Octa.** Sonnes, hopefull buddees of fruitfull age,  
Having banish'd the war which like a yodigall  
Kept wastfull reuells with our subiects bloud:  
Since proude *Ambrosio* our arch-enemy  
Is in his iourney towards th' vnder world,  
Or hovers in the shade of banishment,  
Let vs in peace smile at our victory,  
And every brest passe his opinion  
What pastime best becomes a conqueror.

*Franc.* What sport but conquest for a conqueror,  
Then with our wounds vndrest, our steeds full sound  
Branded with Steele ere we wipe of the blood  
Of conquer'd foes, lets with our charlley bugles  
Summon the surly Landlord of the fountaine,  
The Kingly Lyon to a bloody pale,  
Combat the Hart, the Leopard or the Bore,  
In single and aduenturous hardyness,  
The spirit of mirth in manly action rest,  
Having queld men lets now go conquer beasts.

*Oct.* Manly resolute *Hippolita* advise.

*Hip.* Rather like souldiers, and *Octavio* sonnes,  
Lets throw a generall challenge through the world,  
For a proud turney, at the which our selues



*Humour out of breath.*

Consorted with a hundred of our knights,  
Accounted like so many Gods of warre,  
VVill keepe the lists gainst all aduenturers,  
VVhich like the suns light figured in a star,  
Should be a brieue Epitome of war.

*Off.* Noble and royall, your opinion daughter,

*No.* But I shall meet soldiers, I would poure  
Spirit of life; *Alarums Parabls*

Into the iawes of chap-falne schollership,

That haue since amorous *Quid* was exild,

Lycn in a lewyne, y and many holds for war,

I would once view a garnison for witte:

Twere heavenly sport to see a traine of schollers

Like old traide soldiers skirmish in the schooles,

Trauerse their bysses and discharge their kylls

Like peales of small shot, were this motion granted

My selfe would be free woman of their hall,

And sit as sister at their festiual.

*Off.* Haue we not *Padua*

*Flo.* Yes, but the commanders

Deale with our graduates, as the generall

Doth with his souldier, giues him place for fauoure,

Not for deserting, looke inoore your selfe,

You haue Courts for leaues, and me thinks I were meeke,

Learning should not stand halping in the street

For want of house, but in the mouth vnto

Courtiers should be all pleasure and small wite,

*Off.* All that you speake is but what we command

*Flo.* But Officers further cannot vnderstand

Their Lords at first: wert nor a gallant fight,

To see wits army royall come from fight

Some crownd with gold, others with wreath of bayes,

And whilst they hold their solemne holidaies,

Musick should like a louer court the faires,

And from the world wrest ringing plaudities.

*Hip.* My sister would make a rare beggar.

Consorted

Far



*Fra.* True, shee's parcell Poet, parcell fiddler already, and they  
commonly sing three parts to one.

*Os.* Wrong neither are nor musicke, they are twins  
Borne and begot in heare, your thought of both.

*Flo.* I thinke my Lord that musick is diuine,  
Whole sacred straines haue power to combine  
The soule and body; and it reason beares,  
For it is said that the Celestiall spheres,  
Dance to *Apollons* lyre whose sprightly fires  
Haue tamed rude beasts and charmd mens wild desires  
The author was immortall, the first strings  
Made by a King, therefore an art for Kings:  
The world's a body, every liberall art  
A needfull member, musick the soule and hart.

*Os.* VVell for his sex hath *Flo.* discourse  
Of heavenly musicke, and since all conclude  
It is an art diuine, we were too rude  
Should we reiect it, musick, I take great pride,  
To heare soft musick and thy shrill voice chide.

*Flo.* To please your grace, though I want voice and skill,  
He shew my selfe obedient to your will.

*Fra.* This would haue done rare at a schollers window,  
How do you like it father?

*Os.* Highly my boies, I relish all delight,  
For when the fiery spirit of hot youth  
Kept house within me, I was all delight:  
Then could I take my loue, no loue more fayre  
By the smooth hand, and gazing in lous ayre  
Tell her her beauty beautified the skie,  
And that the sunne stole lustre from her eye.

*Fra.* I do admire to heare my princely father  
thus merrilie discourse of trifling loue.

*Os.* Nay more my boies, when I was at your yeeres,  
I went a pilgrimage through *Italye*,  
to find the shrine of some loue-hallowed saynt,  
Devote to beauty, I would pray for loue.

*Humour out of breath.*

- Desiring beauty I would live for love,  
Admiring beauty I would serve for love;  
Pray, sue, and serve, till beauty graunted love.  
If she denyd me, I would sweare she graunted,  
If she did sweare that she could never love me,  
Then would I sweare she could not chuse but love me;  
Let her sweare nere so much, till hane I sworne,  
Till she had said, I should not be forsworne.

*Flo.* I marry brothers here was cunning love,  
Leame like good schollers, heele make you wise in love;  
He was a man in love, were you such men,  
Then were you men indeed, but boyes till then.

*Fr.* To please my Father, he inquest of beauty,  
And neuer make returne till I have found,  
A love so faire, so rich, so honorable,  
As fits the honor of *Old* loves sonnes.

*Hp.* The like (you please) vower young *Hippolito*.

- Old.* Doe boyes, and I will teach you how to chuse them,  
Elect not mongst whole troopes of Courtly dancers,  
For amongst many, love must needs be ill;  
The selfe scene Phoenixe chuse by alone,  
I have counted *Danae* when she was alone;  
Alone my boyes, that is the onely way,  
Ladies yeeld that alone they els say nay.

*Flo.* An expert souldier how shall they chouse them Father?

- Old.* If her bright eye doe not the Diamond,  
Say it is bright, but brighter seems delight you,  
If that her breath doe not perfume the ayre;  
Say it is sweet, but sweeter lets content you,  
If that her cheek be compared to the Lilly,  
Make not the Lilly black with whiter whitenesse;  
Say it is Lilly white, but black to white,  
When your choise white must have such high exceeds.

*Flo.* Father you do exceed things possible,  
Fath say how many Ladies have you seene,  
Much sayre then my selfe, in all your travayle?



*Off.* Should the Crow teach me, then no *Early* sayter;  
If iudgement tell me, then a many sayter:  
Thou art myne owne, I must thinke well of thee;  
Yet *Florimella* many doe excell thee.

*Flo.* Should the Crow teache, I am not all Crow blacke,  
Though iudgement; I not all perfection black,  
Though you haue scene Ladyes that dim the day,  
Yet will I thinke my selfe as fayre as they.

*Off.* Doe *Florimella*, and the one day get,  
A husband for thee that shall thinke thee fayre.

*Flo.* And tyme ifaith, that ptey sport would be,  
Wiue it for them, you shall not husband me.

*Off.* Yet you will take my counsell in your choise.

*Flo.* Yes, if I had not yeares ynough to choose,

1) Would you direct me as you doe your sonnes?

1) With daughter take a man with such a nose,

1) With such an eye, with such a colour beard,

1) Thus big, thus tall, with all his teeth afore;

1) Thus lipt, thus legd, thus handsome, thus apparrelld,

1) Were not this pittifull & pittifull;

1) Now by the soule of soule-commanding loue,

1) I will not steepe to such obedience,

1) I must be bid to blush when I am kist,

1) Bid my loue welcome, and I thanke you fir,

1) With no indeed, I know not what loue is,

1) I neuer heard so much of loue before,

1) I pray take heede, may fir you goe too far,

1) With such a rabble of prescriptions,

1) As neuer may d of a Conceiuing spirit,

1) Will follow them, yet brothers goe you on,

1) Take you good counsell, *Flormell* will none.

*Off.* I daughter? are you so experienced?

An elder woman might haue spoken kisse,

Yet by your leaue mynion, ile watch you so,

Your I shall still be gouerned by my no.

But come my sonnes take patterne of great *low*,



Early ith' morning full your selues for loue. *Exit*

*Enter* *Arbanio* *Duke of Mantua*, *Hermia* and *Lucio* his daughters, they with angels and her with a net.

*Arb.* Go daughters with your Angels to the brooke,  
And see if any filuer-coated fish,  
Will nibble at your worne-emboweld books;  
Deceiue the watry subiects, yet the name  
Of foule deceit me thinks should fray them from you.  
Alack, alack, I cannot blame the world,  
That in the world there is so much deceit;  
When this poore simple trade must vse deceit.  
But with what conscience can I make this net,  
Within whose meshes all are caught that come:  
They coufen one at once, this coufens many,  
I will vndoe't it shall not coufen any.  
But daughters go practise this little game,  
He mend this great fault ere the fault begin.  
O coufening fortune how hast thou deceiu'd me,  
Turning me out a doore to banishment,  
And made another Lord of Mantua.  
I that was Lord now slaue to misery.

*Her.* Take comfort yet deare father.

*Ant.* Comfort? no:

My brest's turn'd prison, my proude laylor woe,  
Locks out all comfort: whers your valiant brother?

*Her.* All discontent like to a wounded lyon  
He forrages the woods, daring proude fortune  
At her best weapon, he accounts this smart,  
As a slight hurt, but far off from the hart.

*Ant.* How holds his humours?

*Luc.* The same fashion still:

But somewhat sadder-colour'd, death may end  
But neuer change him, see our words haue rais'd him.

*Ant.* Fitly applide for a walks like a ghost.  
Why how now sonne?

*Asp.* Peace.

*Her.* Brother.

*Asp.* Good now peace,

*W*ake me not as you loue me.

*Ant.* What a sleeper!

*Asp.* I, in a most sweet sleepe, blisters o' your tongues for wa-  
king me.

*Ant.* Thou forgettest thy selfe.

*Asp.* I should not be a Courtier els, mee thought I was at a  
strange wedding?

*Ant.* Prithce what wedding?

*Asp.* Of a young Lawyer and old Madam Conscience.

*Ant.* I scarce beleue that.

*Asp.* Nor I neither, because it was a dreame, but mee thought  
the yong man doted on the old woman exceedingly.

*Ant.* That was miraculous, did they liue together?

*Asp.* In the country they did, and agreed passing well, all the  
long vacation, and but for two things he would haue caried her  
vp to the churche with him.

*Ant.* What things were those?

*Asp.* One was because her gowne was of the old fashion, the  
other was cause he would not haue her by when he tooke fees.

*Ant.* His reason for that?

*Asp.* For feare if a bribe had bin offered, she being by he should  
haue had the bad conscience to take it.

*Ant.* His wife and he liued together.

*Asp.* Conscience and the Lawyer, as longingly as men and their  
wiues do, one flesh, but neither medle nor make one with another.

*Ant.* Man and wife part, thats strange?

*Asp.* O lord sir, profit can part the soule and the body, and why  
not man and wife, now you haue had my dreame father, let me  
vnderstand yours.

*Ant.* How can he dreame, that neuer sleeps my sonne?

*Asp.* O best of all: why, your whole world doth nothing but  
dreame, your machiatiell he dreames of state, deposing kings,  
grounding new monarchies: the louer hee dreames of kisses,  
amorous embraces: the newe-married wife dreames,  
that



that rid of her young husband she hugs her old loue, and likes  
her dreame well ynough too: the Country gentlewoman dreams  
that when her first husband's dead, she marries a knight and the  
name of Lady sticks so in her mind, that shees neuer at heauy  
ease till she get her husband dub'd; the Captaine, he dreames of  
oppressing the souldiers, deuising stratagēs, to keep his dreame,  
and that dreame wakes in the pate of *Othello* your Arch-enemy,  
who is not content to hurle vs into the whirlepoole of banish-  
ment, but binds waights at our heeles leaden pouerty to sink vs  
to the very depth that we should neuer rise againe.

*Her.* Then since all dreame, let vs dreame of reuenge.

*Asp.* I marry sister, that were a dreame worth dreaming, and ile  
sleepe out my braines but ile compasse it.

*Amb.* Pretty content; we kill our foes in dreames.

*Asp.* Vds foot, ile doe it waking then.

*Amb. Aspero.*

*Asp.* At Counsell table.

*Amb.* Heare me.

*Asp.* In his Dutches armes, twere base to goe disguised,

No, my reuenge shall weare an open browe;

I will not play the coward, kill him first

And send my challenge after; ile make knowne

My name, and cause of comming, if I thought

Griefe like a painter had so spoyl'd my village

He could not know me, on my breast ile write

How ere I am disfigured through woe,

I am the thing was made for *Aspero.*

Speake not, I am as constant as the Center,

Some fortune good or bad doth beckon me,

And I will run bitter reuenge taste sweete,

If nere on earth farewell, in heauen weele meete,

Attendance firra, your low Commedie,

Craues but few Actors, weele breake company.

*Amb.* As many blessings as the sea hath sands

Attend thee in thine honorable iourney:

Come pretty maides we haue not wrought to day.

*Exit cum*

*Pucro*



Or fish, or fast, our neede must needs obey.

*Exeunt*

*Enter Hippolito, Francisco, Florimell, and Page  
meeting them.*

*Fr.* Now sirra what have you been about?

*Page.* About my living sir.

*Hip.* Whats that? feeding?

*Pa.* No sir, looking into the vnderofficers about the Court.

*Hip.* Canst get any living out of them?

*Pa.* I sir, my betters get good liuings out of officers, and why not I but to be plaine, I haue bin seeking your good Lordship.

*Fr.* But your boyship hath so sought vs, that wee haue found you.

*Page.* VVill you sell your findings my Lord?

*Hip.* They are scarce worth giuing.

*Flo.* Yes, a boxe to keepe them in, for feare you loose them againe.

*Pa.* And I were a man as I am no woman, id'e pepper your box for that icast.

*Flo.* You icast.

*Pa.* In earnest law I would Madam.

*Fr.* VVell sir, no more, here comes our royall Father.

*Enter Othanio, Hortensio, Flaminio, &c.*

*Oth.* How now my boyes? prouided for your iourney?

Beauty conduct you: what, attyrd like shepheards?

I thought t'haue seene you mounted on your steeds,

Whose fiery stomackes from their nostrills breath

The smoke of courage, and whose wanton mouthes

Do proudly play vpon their yron bits:

And you in stead of these poore weeds in robes,

Richer then that which *Ariadne* wroughte,

Or *Cythereas* acry-mouing vestment.

Thus should you seeme like louers suited thus,

y'oude draw faire Ladies harts into their eies,

C

And

And strike the world dead with astonishment.

*Fr.* Father such cost doth passe your sons reuenges  
We take example from immortall *Ioue*,  
Who like a shepheard would repaire to loue.

*Os.* And gentle loue conduct you both my sonnes,  
Daughter go bring them onward in their way,  
Were not we cald back by important busines,  
We would not leaue you thus: *Hortensio*  
Is my disguise prepard, for I ynknowne  
Will see how they behaue themselues in loue.

*Hort.* Tis done my Lord.

*Os.* Once more my boyes adieu:  
He sends you forth that meanes to follow you.

*Exit.*

*Flo.* Now brothers you must amongst these wenches,  
Faith for a wager which shall get the fairest?

*Fr.* Ile gage a 100. crownes mine proues the fairest.

*Hip.* A match, ile venter twice so much of mine.

*Flo.* And ile lay gainst you both, that both your loues  
Get them when you can where you can, or how you can, shall  
not be able to compare with me in beauty.

*Fr.* That wager ile take for tis surely won.

*Hip.* Las thou art but a star to beauties sun.

*Flo.* Star me no stars, go you and stare for loue,  
Ile stay at home, and with my homely beauty  
Purchase a loue, shall thinke my looks as faire,  
As those faire loues that you shall fetch so far;  
But take your course, fate send you both faire lucke.

*Fr.* How if 't be fowle?

*Flo.* Nay ift be forked, you must beare it off with head and  
shoulders.

*Fr.* Oh stale, that ieast runs oth' lees.

*Flo.* You must consider tis drawne out of the bottome of my  
witte.

*Fr.* O shallow wit, at the bottome so soone.

*Flo.* Deepe ynough to lay you in the mire.



*Page.* Or els tis shallow indeede, for they are foundred already,  
but I must play dun, and draw them all out o'th mire,  
Whats a clock my Lord?

*Flo.* Which of them dost aske? thou seest they are two.

*Pag.* VVhat two are they Madam?

*Flo.* VVhy two fooles.

*Fr.* Is it not past two, doth it not come somewhat neere three  
sisters?

*Page.* Shew perryall and tak't, but come my Lord you haue  
stood fooling long ynough, will you about your busines in good  
earnest?

*Fr.* Indeed we will,

*Flo.* And they are deeds you must trust too, for women will re-  
spect your words but slytely without deeds.

*Page.* VVhy, are women called Angells but because they de-  
light in good deeds, and loue heauen, but that it will not be won  
without them.

*Fr.* They shall haue deeds,

*Flo.* Brother, and good deeds too:

They are tongues that men must speake with when they wo,

*Hip.* That tongue weel practise, sister to loue we leaue you.

*Exeunt brothers.*

*Flo.* Louers take heed least cunning loue deceiue you.

*Exe with Page.*

*Finis actus primi.*

## ACTVS SECVNDVS.

*Enter Octauio disguised, Hortensia Flaminea,*

*Oct.* **N**O more; thus suted ile attend my sonnes,  
Impute it not to any ruffian vaine,

But to a fathers wakefull prouidence,

Louers like bees are priuiledgd to tast,

All buds of beauty: should they chance to light

Vpon some worthles weed ile hinder it;

*Humour out of breath.*

The eies of youth will now and then dwell there,  
Whereas they should not glance, this doubt I feare.

*Fla.* And well aduised my liege should they incline  
To loue not fitting their estates and births,  
You with your present counsell may prevent them.

*Off.* Thats my intent, and further in my absence  
I leaue my land and daughter to thy charge,  
The girle is wanton, if she gad abroad  
Restraine her, bound her in hir chamber dore;  
My word's thy warrant, let her know so much;  
Farewell, at home I leaue my feare with thee  
And follow doubt abroad.

*Hor.* Ile carefull be.

*Exeunt.*

*Off.* Now to my busines, I haue a strange habit, and I must cut  
out an humour futable to it, and humours are pickt so neere the  
bone, a man can scarce get humour ynough to glue a fleck his  
breakfast, but I am a stale ruffian, my habit is braue, and so shall  
my humor be, and here comes one to giue me earnest of it.

*Enter Aspero and his boy.*

*Asp.* Send him a letter that I come to kill him.

*Boy.* Twere great valor but little pollicy my Lord.

*Asp.* How long haue you bin a matchiaulian boy?

*Boy.* Euer since I practild to play the knaue my Lord,

*Asp.* Then policy and knauery are somewhat a kin.

*Boy.* As neere, as penury and gentry, a degree and half remou'de  
no more.

*Asp.* How came in the kindred twixt gentry and penury?

*Off.* Shall I tell you sir,

*Asp.* First tell me what thou art?

*Off.* Lyme and haire: playster of *Paris*, kneaded together with  
rye dowe and goats milke, I am of a hot constitution, wounot  
freeze.

*Asp.* Thy profession,

*Off.* A foole or a knaue choose you which.

*Boy.* Then thou art fit for any gentlemans company,

*Off.*



*Ol.* True boye, for your sweete foole and your fine knaue are like a paire of vpright shooes; that gentlemen weare so long now of one foote, then of another, till they leaue them neuer a good soale.

*Asp.* That makes your foole & your knaue haue such bad soales; but what dost thou seeke?

*Ol.* Mine owne vndoing fir, seruice.

*Asp.* Indeed seruice is like the common law, it vndoos any one that followes it long, canst describe seruice?

*Ol.* Yes, tis a vacant place, fill'd vp with a compleate knaue, a miserable pandar, or an absolute beggar.

*Asp.* your opinion boy.

*Boy.* I say a seruingman is an Antecedent.

*Ol.* Because he sits before a Cloakebag.

*Boy.* He is likewise a nominatiue Case, and goes before his mistress.

*Ol.* That's when the verbe he goes before his mistress and he can agree together.

*Boy.* If not, he turnes Accusatiue and followes his master.

*Asp.* Woot follow me fellow.

*Ol.* To a tauerne, and thou woot pay for my ordenary.

*Asp.* My businelle is more serious, thou dost not know me.

*Ol.* Nor my selfe neither so long as I haue maintenance.

*Asp.* Didst neuer heare of the wars betwixt Venice and Mantua.

*Ol.* I cut some few of the Mantuans throates.

*Asp.* And wert not a knaue for't.

*Ol.* No, I was a Venetian commander, a great mans the reason of this question.

*Asp.* Dost know the Duke of Venice?

*Ol.* I am his right hand.

*Asp.* Woot do me a message to him,

*Ol.* VVhat is't?

*Asp.* Tell him I hate him, my name's *Aspero*, has banisht my father, vsurps his Dukedome, and I come to be reuengd.

*Ol.* *Antoniuss* sonne vesfoot ha'st any gold.

*Asp.* Thy reason.

*Os.* Shalt be reuengd, giue me money, ile be thy snaille & score out a filuer path to his confusion.

*Asp.* No, my reuenge shall be like my fathers wrongs in *Aperie* lend me any honest aide.

*Os.* Pax of honesty, it goes a begging vpon crutches, and can get reliefe out of few but schollers, I shall not kill him?

*Asp.* Jde be thy death first.

*Os.* Yet you say you hate him.

*Asp.* Equall with my shame.

*Os.* Make him chew a bullet then.

*Asp.* No, though my state with pouerty be tainted, Mine acts and honor shall liue still acquainted.

*Os.* True moulded honor I admire the temper

Of thy mild patience, that not all the wrongs

J layd vpon thee can enforce thy spleene

To fowle requitall, had thy comming tane

Any base leuell, it had cost thy life,

But beeing free and full of honour liue,

Thy vertues teach me honor freely goe,

A secret friends worse then an open foe:

You are too honest for my attendance, farewell fir.

*Asp.* And thou too knauish for my employment.

But here comes more company.

*Enter Florimell and Page.*

*Ela.* Boy let your attendance waite further of,

Vnder this shade J meane to take a sleepe.

*Pa.* And may you madam like a souldier sleepe.

*Flo.* How boy in alarums.

*Pa.* No Ladye but in armes, and you had neede of them too, for see the enemy comes downe, shall I sound a parlee?

*Flo.* Peace wag.

*Pa.* Peace, O coward, offer peace and but two to two of them.

*Flo.* Boy dost know what gentleman is?

*Page.*



*Pa.* Gentle madam no, but he is a man.

*Flo.* Beleue me boy he is a proper man.

*Pa.* Man is a proper name to a man, and so he may be a proper man.

*Flo.* I loue him hees a very proper man.

*Pa.* She loues him for his properties, and indeede many women loue men only to make properties of them.

*Flo.* Pray gentleman if no more, tell mee where you were born.

*Asp.* Faire virgin if so much, no where some where any where, where you would haue me.

*Flo.* Faith I would haue it.

*Asp.* Marry and you shall haue it Ladie.

*Flo.* VVhat shall I haue fir.

*Asp.* VVhy a kisse.

*Flo.* Nothing els; we Courtiers count them trifles, not woorth taking.

*Asp.* VVhy then bestow one of mee ile take it most thankfully.

*Flo.* I wil not stand with you for a trifle, fir pray where were you borne?

*Asp.* In Italy, but neuer yet in Venice.

*Elo.* You may in Venice, gentle fir adieu.

*Asp.* Gentle Lady thrice as much to you.

*Pa.* Farewell sweet heart.

*Boy.* God a mercy bagpudding.

*Asp.* You may in Venice gentle fir adieu this he gets wonder.

*Boy.* Yare not wise then, what do you take her for?

*Asp.* Some great woman.

*Boy.* Some woman great with child, be ruld, shees a pynk board her.

*Asp.* But how the meanes.

*Boy.* Make but a shotte of flattery at hir broad side, and sheele strike saile presently.

*Asp.* Flattery?

*Boy.* I, flattery, women are like fiddlers, speake them faire theile play of any instrument.

*Asp.* I, that they can play of.

*Boy.*

*Boy.* Shees a botcher canstot play a little of all

*Asp.* And to common that will play too much of any, but come  
ile vs meanes to get her.

*Boy.* Nay you must first haue meanes to giue her.

*Asp.* Why in the course of schollership, the genuine Case goes  
before the Dative.

*Boy.* The Grammarians are fooles that plac'd them so; for in *Re-*  
*sum Natura*, the Dative goes before the genuine; you must al-  
wayes giue before you can get; yers are fooles, and fooles must  
be liberall.

*Asp.* VVill not women respect a man for his good partes?

*Boy.* yes, some few; but all for his good guiftes, a gentleman with  
his good guifts sit at the vpper end of the table on a chayre and a  
cushion, when a scholler with his good partes will be gladd of a  
ioynd steele in the Lobby with the Chambermaids.

*Asp.* I will haue good guifts & shew my selfe liberall to, though  
I beg for't.

*Boy.* I thinke that will be the end, for penury has tane a lease of  
your pocket to keep Court in this Christmasse.

*Asp.* Well, how so ere, shees faire and courteous,

And courteous faire, is a faire guift in Ladies;

She may bee well discended; if shee be,

Shees fit for loue, and why not then for me.

*Boy.* And you be not fitted in Venice in strange, for tis counted  
the best flesh thumbles in *Italy*; but heere's no notable coward,  
that hauing suffered wrong by a man, seeks to right himselfe of a  
woman.

*Enter Hippolite Francisco like shepheards,*

*Offanio in disguise.*

*Off.* Looke you sir, I am like an irish beggar, and an English bur,  
will flicke close where I finde a good nap, I must and will dwell  
with you.

*Fr.* What canst dor

*Off.* Sell *Appurins*, stampe Crabs, and make mustard, I can do as  
much as all the men you keepe,





*Humour out of breath.*

And see your discourse has coniurd vp beauty in the likenesse of  
two court maides, but you shall not come in the circles of their  
simes if I can keepe you but.

*Fra.* These are too meane for loue, brother lets leane them.

*Ol.* What? speechles? will you make dumbe virgins of them?

*Hip.* Oh we are sonnes of a great father.

*Ol.* So is the sun of heauen yet hee smiles on the bramble as  
well as the lilly, kills the cheek of a beggar as lovingly as a  
gentlewoman, and tis good to imitate him tis good.

*Her.* Say sister, had we not fine sport to day?

*Luc.* VVe had, if death may be accounted play.

*Hip.* Why is accounted pleasure to kill fish?

*Luc.* A pleasure nothing pleasant to the fish.

*Her.* Yet fishes were created to be kild.

*Luc.* Cruell creation then to haue liues spild.

*Her.* Their bodies being food, maintaine our breath.

*Luc.* What bodies then haue we to liue by death?

*Her.* Come come, you yainely argue, tis good.

*Luc.* What is it good to kill for god on god?

*Her.* If it be sin, then you your selfe are sinner.

*Luc.* I thank proud fortune for my words beginning.

*Ol.* Foot are you not ashamed to stand by like idle ciphers, &  
such places of account, you say? And they had but such offices, and  
your poore Churche, you would haue bin in them in halfe the  
time.

*Fra.* Though against the back.

*Ol.* Nothing against the back as I say, loue me.

*Hip.* Faire maids if so you be you are well matcht.

*Her.* Shepheards or how what else you see well met.

*Fra.* Tis well, if that well met we be to you.

*Luc.* If not to vs, you see you are your selues.

*Hip.* We did not meet you say, we come together.

*Her.* VVhat ere you say you are together.

*Fr.* VVe did, we met in kindred, we are brothers.

*Luc.* So shepheards we did meet for the same offices.

*Hip.* Then sister, let vs be brother husbands.

And

D

Her.



*Her.* So brothers without our leave you well may be.

*Fr.* Say we desire to husband it with you.

*Luc.* Know we desire no husbands such as you.

*Hip.* A shepherd is an honest trade of life.

*Her.* Yet honest shepherd has with honest trade some strife.

*Hip.* He seldome swears but by his honesty.

*Her.* So honest men do too as well as he.

*Fr.* But will you trust a shepherd when he vower,

*Luc.* No neuer, if his oath be that he lones.

*Hip.* Yet if I sweare, that needs must be mine oath,

*Her.* Swear not, for we are misbeleuers both.

*Fr.* Let vs perswade you to beleue we loue you.

*Luc.* First we intreat you giue vs time to proue you.

*Hip.* Take time, meane time wee leaue praise yee to our powers.

*Her.* Oh time, sometime shepherds haue idle howers.

*Fra.* Ile say thy cheek no naturall beauty lacks,

*Luc.* Good, if it had bin spoke behind our backs.

*Hip.* Ile say this is the heaven of heavenly graces.

*Her.* O heaven, how they can flatters to our faces. *Exeunt.*

*Fr.* Brother the last is fayrest in my eie.

*Hip.* I but the first brother is first in beauty,

*Fr.* First in your choice, but not in beauty fir.

*Os.* Come yee so neere as choice: then tis time for mee to stop  
for feare the musick run too far out of tune, how now gallants?  
in dumps.

*Fr.* No, but in loue.

*Os.* Thats a dumpe, loues nothing but an Italian dumpe or a  
French drawle.

*Hip.* Me thinkes tis sweeter musicke.

*Os.* And tywere in tune I confesse it, but you take your parts  
too low, you are trebble Counters, and will neuer agree with  
these County Mynnkins, the munnicks too base, neuer meddle  
in't.

*Fra.* Peace doatard, peace, thy sight of loue is done,

Thou canst not see the glory of loues sunne.

Spent age with frosty clouds thy sight doth dim,

That thou art blind to see and apt to flatter  
 Oth. Is it accounted flattery to speak the truth.  
 Hip. And worse, when age spits poison against youth.  
 Oth. They do not fit your callings, let them go.  
 Pr. Yet they are faithful to you, and are loyal to you.  
 Oth. I am your friend, and wish you from this land.  
 Hip. Canst thou be true, till thou thy thoughts dost send  
 But never else.  
 Oth. Never!  
 Pr. No never.  
 Oth. Stay.  
 Hip. We are bound for home.  
 Oth. Hate.  
 Pr. Hinder not our way.  
 Oth. I boys! will Eagles. Eglets turn to buzzards.  
 Then must I change my raine, and once more proue,  
 To teach you how to hate as well as love.  
 Enter Actus Secundus.

ACTVS TERTIVS.

Enter Rago and Florimell.

Pr. Sweet honey candy madam, if it be no forfeit to tell tales  
 Of Cupids free schoole, tell what proficient your lo-  
 ver is now.  
 Pr. Now so love helpe me loe, a passing weak one and my  
 yready.  
 Pr. The better, for women would have their lovers ready  
 as you are to play the knave; but to  
 Pr. Nor thinke but there good musick in him, your tongue  
 hath much upon his name.  
 Pr. I shall never forget him.  
 Pr. I faith Lady then I know what I know.  
 Pr. What do you know I pray.





*Asp.* But come, shall the foole and you bee friends?

*Flo.* The foole and I y<sup>e</sup> are too familiar.

*Asp.* Why, I hope a foole may be a Ladies familiar at all times.

*Flo.* Come y<sup>e</sup> are too saucy.

*Asp.* Indeed tis a fooles part of *love* to be in the fauce afore my Lady; otherwise I am neither foole nor saucy.

*Flo.* Not, proude sir?

*Asp.* Not, coy Lady; come why should your tongue make so many false fiers that neuer come from your heart: you loue me, I know you loue me, your spirit, your looke, your countenance bewayes it.

*Flo.* You ieast.

*Asp.* In earnest you do, and you shall know't in earnest too, lend me this jewell.

*Flo.* Jewell? away you sharking companion.

*Asp.* How?

*Flo.* Wandring strauagant, that like a droane flies humming from one land to another.

*Pa.* Slight and thou hast any wit, now shew her thy stings.

*Flo.* And lightst vpon euery dayry maid and kitchen-wench.

*Asp.* And now and then on a Ladies lip as

*Flo.* You did of mine you would say, and I am hore for you can say it, and when by your buzzing flattery, you haue suckt the smallest fauour from them, you presently make wing for another.

*Asp.* Merry buz.

*Flo.* Double the zard and take the whole meaning for your labour.

*Pa.* The buzzards wit's not so bald yet I tro.

*Asp.* A word in your eare, madam the buzzard will anger you.

*Flo.* VVith staying you do.

*Asp.* VVith going I shall.

*Flo.* Away.

*Asp.* I away, neuer intreat, tis too late, if you send after me, I will not come back, if you write to me, I will not answer, drowne your eyes in teares, I will not wipe them, breake your heart with sighes



fighes, I will not pitty you: neuer looke, signes cannot move me, if you speake, tis too late, if you intreate, tis bootles, if you hang vpon me, tis needlesse, I offered loue & you scmd it, my absence will be your death, and I am proud ont.

*Exit.*

*Flo.* Is he gon boy?

*Pa.* Yes faith Madam.

*Flo.* Cleane out of fight?

*Pa.* And out of mind to, or els you haue not the mind of a true woman.

*Flo.* Thou readst a false comment boy, call him againe: yet doe not, my heart shall breake ere it bend.

*Pa.* Or els it holdes not the true temper of woman: hood, but faith tell me Madam, do you loue him?

*Flo.* As a Welchman doth toasted cheese, I cannot dine without him, hee's my pillow I cannot sleepe quietly without him, my rest, I cannot liue without him.

*Pa.* O that he knew it Lady.

*Flo.* He does, he would neuer haue left me els he durst.

*Pa.* You calld him foole, but mee thinks he prooues a physician, has found the disease of your liuer, by the complexion of your lookes, but see he returns.

*Enter Aspers making.*

*Flo.* And now mee thinks I loath him more then I lou'd him, run for *Horrensio* my guardian, bid him come arund, ther's intence of treason tell him.

*Pa.* My Lady cannot choose but dance well, there's full of pretty changes.

*Exit.*

*Flo.* I wonder you dare come in my sight, considering the wrong you did me.

*As.* I came I confesse, but with no intent to see you I protest, and that shall be manifested by the shornes of my stay.

*Flo.* Tis too long and twere shorter then tis, will he not court me? nor? nor speak to me neither? nay neuer ask pardon tis too late, we shall haue you come to my window one of these mornings with musicke,

*Humour out of breath,*

musicke, but doe not, my patience is to much out of tune, out of  
my sight I hate thee, worse then I loath painting; I hate thee, out  
of my sight.

*Asp.* Inough, will you be a quiet woman yet? will you, speake as  
fore my reholue take strength? will you, do but say you are sorry I  
aske no mends but a kisse, kindly, come: shall I haue?

*Flo.* Ile kisse a toad first.

*Asp.* You will, remember this another time, a soade you will:  
I know thou lou'st me, and I see the pride of thy humour: I doe,  
and thou shalt know I doe; halfe an hower hence wee shall haue  
you weeping on your knees, with O my *Aspero* would I had died  
when I reiected thee, but doe, weepe till I pittie thee; a toad, I ile  
make thee creepe on thy knees for a kisse.

*Flo.* you will.

*Asp.* Thy bare knees, I will, and goe without it to.

*Flo.* Our humour? O I would sell my part of immortality.

*Asp.* But to touch my hand, thou wouldst, I know thou wouldst.

*Flo.* O how spleene swells mee? helpe *Florentio*, creepe a thy  
knees! *Florentio*.

*Enter Florentio with his man Assistance.*

*Hort.* How fares my beauntious charged weeping Lady? the law  
shall fetch red water from his veynes that hath drawne blood of  
your eies, is this the traytor?

*Asp.* Traytor in thy tilleyall throte thou liest.

*Pa.* O monstrous wishes you choakt my Lord.

*Hort.* How choakt?

*Pa.* I choakt for a wishes the traytor in your throte, and hee's  
a very small traytor that is not able to choake a wiser man then  
your Lordship.

*Hort.* Downe with him.

*Pa.* I downe with him, if he stick in your throat, and spare not.

*Flo.* Do not kill him, though hee deserves death yet doe not kill  
him, onely disweapon him, so.

*Hort.* But madam,

*Flo.* I will not heare him, keepe him, but keepe him safe on your  
lutes.



*Humour out of breath.*  
lines, if he get away or miscarry in prison: as I am heire of Venice  
he haue your heads for't.

*Hort.* I warne you madam, if yrons will hold him. *they bind him.*

*Flo.* Fie, fie, with a cord here, bind him with my scarfe, that wil  
hold, and yet stand away, he doot my selfe, I cannot trust him  
with you, least you should let him sometime scape free: besides,  
you cannot vse him according to the quality of his offence, and  
because he glory in his bondage my chamber shall bee his pri-  
son, let him haue neither light meat nor drinke, but what I pro-  
uide him my selfe.

*Hort.* Your will's a law, we obey it madam.

*Ass.* She knowes me sure; well, though my ioyes be thrall,  
My comforts this, a speedy death ends all.

*Exit with Hort. and Ass.*

*Flo.* Oh you are not gone then.

*Page.* Heer's a newe kinde of courting, neuer seene before I  
thinke.

*Flo.* He would anger me.

*Pa.* Nay you take a course, to anger him first I thinke.

*Flo.* Should I haue let him go, (as I could no other way detaine  
him in modesty) and he had set his loue on some other, I would  
haue fretted my hart strings a funder.

*Pa.* Why did you set him so light then?

*Flo.* Not for any hate, but in pride of my humour.

*Page.* Why did you commaund him close prisoner to your  
chamber.

*Flo.* That I may feede mine eie with the sight of him, and be  
sure no other beauty can rob me of his company: I will ha' call,  
I will not loose an ynch of him: And in this, I but imitate our Ita-  
lian dames, who cause their friends to clap their ialous husbands  
in prison, that if they haue occasion to vse them within fortie  
weekes and a day, they may surely know where to find them.

*Exit.*

*Pa.* If I had any knauery in mee, as I am all honesty, I could  
make a notable scene of mirth betwixt these two Atorists.

E

Enter

*Humour out of breath.*

*Enter Antonio with a net.*

*Ant.* Early sorrow, art got vp so soone?  
What? ere the Sun ascendeth in the East?  
O what an early waker art thou growne?  
But cease discourse, and close vnto thy worke;  
Vnder this drooping mirtle will I sit,  
And worke a while vpon my corded net;  
And as I worke, record my sorrowes past,  
Asking old Time, how long my woes shall last:  
And first, but stay alas what do I see?  
Moist gum like teares, drop from this mournfull tree  
And see, it sticks like birdlyme; twill not part;  
Sorrow is euen such birdlyme at my hart.  
Alas poore tree, dost thou want company?  
Thou dost, I see't, and I will weepe with thee,  
Thy sorrowes make thee dumb, and so shall mine,  
It shall be tongueles, and so seeme like thine;  
Thus will I rest my head vnto thy barke,  
Whilst my sighes tell my sorrowes; harke tree, harke.

*Enter Hippolito and Francisco.*

*Fr.* Fie, fie, how heauy is light loue in me?

*Hip.* How slow runs swift desire?

*Fr.* This leaden ayre,

This pondrous feather, merry Melancholy,

*Hip.* This passion, which, but in passion  
Hath not his perfect shape.

*Fr.* And shapelesse loue  
Hath in his watch of loue oreslept himselfe.

*Hip.* Then sleepy wakers, let these graue lets wander  
And waite th' ascension of beauties wonders;  
But stay, a man struiuing twixt life and death.

*Fr.* Nay then tis so, my heauenly loue's gone by,  
And struck him dead with her loue-darting eye.

*Hip.* If speech-bereauing loue will let thee speake,  
Then speechles man, speake with the tongue of loue,

And



And tell me, if thou saw'st not *Cynthia*  
Seeking *Endimion* in these flowry dales,

*Anth.* Dales for *Endimion* and faire *Cynthia* fit,  
But neuer heavenly goddesse blest this groue,  
These woods are consecrate to griefe, not loue.

*Fr.* Out Atheist, thou prophan'st loues deity,  
For, false-reporter, I in them haue scene  
A loue that makes a Negro of Loues Queener:  
One that when as the sunne keeps holliday,  
Hir beauty clads him in his best array,

*Anth.* Now truly shepheard none such soioturn here  
Please you suruey the Cell, go in and see,  
I'me hearst, and none but sorrowe lies with me.

*Enter Lucida.*

*Fra.* Call you this sorrowes caue?

*Hip.* Rather a Cell, *Enter Octauio & whisper with Antonio.*  
Where pleasure growes, and none but Angels dwell.

*Fra.* To what compare shall I compare thee to?  
Vncomparable beauties Paragon,

*Hip.* I will compare her beauty to the sunne,  
For her bright lustre giues the morning light.

*Fr.* Ie say she is like *Cynthia* when day's done,  
Or Lady to the mistrisse of the night.

*Hip.* O speake but to me, and I shall be blest.

*Fr.* One smile would lay my iarring thoughts at rest.

*Enter Hermia.*

*Her.* How now faire sister? you are hard beset.

*Hip.* Nymph.

*Fr.* Goddesse.

*Hip.* Saynt, once more, y'are both well met,

*Fra.* O she is faire.

*Hip.* She fairer.

*Fra.* Both more faire

Then rocks of pearle, or the chaste euening ayre.

*Hip.* Say sweet, intend you not to fish to day?

*Her.* No, shepheards, now fish do not bite but play.

*Fr.* VVhat time, sweet loue, keepe fishes when they bite?

*Luc.* Early ith<sup>m</sup> morning, or els late at night.

*Hip.* Come, will you talke with me till time of fishing?

*Her.* My father, fir, will chide if I be missing.

*Oct.* The match is made, th<sup>ar</sup> are euen vpon going.

*Ant.* VVhat should we do?

*Oct.* Why as poore parents and duisfull seruants should doe,  
run amongst the bushes and catch flies.

*Ant.* Stay forward daughters whether are yee going?

*Her.* Father, I thinke these shepheards come a wooing.

*Ant.* A wooing daughters? nere imagine so:

What man's so mad to marry griefe and woe?

*Fra.* Why where liues sad griefe? heer's all speaking loy.

*Hip.* O I would liue and die with such annoy.

*Ant.* But they are poore, and pouerty is despisde:

*Hip.* No, they are faire, beauty is highly prizde.

*Oct.* T will be a match, they are beating the price already.

*Ant.* They once were faire, sorrow from that hath changd them  
They once knew wealth, but chance hath much estranged them,

*Fra.* Haue they bin faire? what sayr then they are?

VVhy tis not possible, this heavenly faire

Hath only in it selfe beauties exceed,

O then rich, sayre, and onely selues exceed.

*Ant.* Come daughters, and come shepheards, if you please,  
Ile leade you to the lodge of little ease,

Where I will feast you with what cheere I may,

Griefe shall turne mirth, and keepe high holliday.

*Exit cum filia bus.*

*The brothers going out Octauio stais them.*

*Oct.* A word with you, you meane to marry these wenches,

*Ambo.* VVe doe.

*Oct.* And are going to contract your selues.

*Ambo.* VVe are.

*Hip.* And what say you to this?

*Oct.* God speede you: I would haue you marry on saint *Lukes*  
day.

*Fr.*



**Fr. V. Why?**  
**Ol.** Because I would offer at your wedding.  
**Fr.** Come, thou art all enuy, feed vpon thy hate,  
This day our quest of loue shall terminate.

*Exeunt manes Orlauia,*

**Ol.** Not if I liue, this maladie of loue,  
Is grown so strong, it will not be driven out,  
To see the folly of a doating father,  
What toyle I had to fashion them to loue,  
And how tis doubled to misfashion them,  
They shall not wed, yet how shall I preuent it?  
Fearing th'event I haue forethought a meanes,  
And here it lies, swaggering becomes not age,  
Now like the Fox, I goe a pilgrimage,  
Frollick my boyes, I come to mar your sport,  
Your Country musicke must not play at Court,  
But first, I'll write back to *Hortensio*  
For apprehension of yong *Aspero*:  
They haue not yet dynde, I'll bid my selfe their guest,  
Religion beg a fashion in request.

*Enter Aspero and his boy.*

**Asp.** Art sure she hates me boy.

**Boy.** More then hir death, I haue bin in hir bosome fir, and this  
day she intends your execution.

**Asp.** My execution, the reason of hir hate?

**Boy.** Hir humour, nothing but a kind of strange crosse humor in  
that you reiected his loue.

**Asp.** Thats not capitall.

**Boy.** Not to crosse a great ones humour? no treason more great  
personages humours are puritanes, thei'l as liue indure the dinel  
as soone as a crosse, and can away with him better.

**Asp.** I will submit, I aske pardon on my knee.

**Boy.** Is your proud humour come down ifaith, your high humor  
that would not sloop an ynoch of the knees; I'll help'e vp againe,  
and be bur to uphold the least; I must bring her as low ere I  
haue done; O base, I would rather lay my necke vnder the  
Axe of her hate, then my sporte vnder the feete of  
her

his humor; but be counsell'd, ile teach you to prevent both, & per-  
chance make her vpstart humor steepe gallant too.

*Asp.* Ile hold thee my best iewell and thou dost.

*Boy.* And pawne me as poore Lords do their iewells too, will  
you not? receiue me; you shall counterfet your selfe dead,

*Asp.* The life of that ieast.

*Boy.* It may be she dissembles all this while, loues you, and puts  
on this shew of hate of purpose to humble you: she may, and I  
beleue \_\_\_\_\_

*Asp.* What?

*Boy.* That most intelligencers are knaues, and some women dis-  
semblers; being thought dead (as let me alone to buy that into the  
credulous eare of the Court) if she haue any sparkes of loue, the  
kindle and flame bright through the cinders of her hart.

*Asp.* If not,

*Boy.* If not, twill be a meanes for your escape: ile say you reque-  
sted at your death to be buried at your native Citty: and what  
Courtier, if a Christian can deny that?

*Asp.* I am all thine, my humor's thy patient.

*Boy.* And if I do not kill it, I am not worthy to be your physician.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Florimell and her Page.*

*Pa.* I marry Lady; why now you credit your sex: a womans ho-  
nor or humour should be like a ship vnder sayle; split her keele  
ere she vaile.

*Enter Boy.*

*Flo.* Ile split my heart ere my humor strike saile: here comes his  
Page, how now boy? how doth your master?

*Boy.* Well madam he.

*Flo.* VVell?

*Boy.* Very well.

*Flo.* VVhere is he?

*Boy.* VVhere none of your proude sex will euer come, I thinke  
in heauen.

*Flo.* Is he dead?

*Boy.* Seemadam, and seeing blubb, and blushing shame, that  
your vngentle humor should be the death of so good and gene-



rous a spirit.

*Discouer Aspero lying on a Table seeming dead.*

*Flo.* My *Aspero* dead!

*Boy* See madam, what a mutation

*Flo.* I see too much, and curse my proud humour that was the cause of it: *Aspero*, kind soule, proud sullen *Florsmell*, disdainefull humor, that in one minute hast eternally vndone me; I would not kisse the liuing substance, that being dead doate on thy picture: oh I lou'd thee euer with my soule: O let me kisse this shrowd of beauty; I would not accept thee liuing, that being dead on my knees adore thee: could kisses recover thee, I would dwell on thy lips: kneele till my knees grew to the ground, deere gentle *Aspero* she that procurde thy death will die with thee, And craue no heauen, but still to lie with thee.

*Aspero starts up.*

*Asp.* I take you at your word Lady:

Nay neuer recant, I haue witnes on't now: is your proud humor come downe? could you not haue said so at first? and sau'd me a labour of dying?

*Flo.* Liues *Aspero*?

*Asp.* Liue quotha? sfoot what man would bee so mad to lye in his colde graue alone, and may lie in a warme bed with such a beautifull wife as this will be? haue I tane your humour napping yfaith?

*Flo.* Am I ore reacht?

*Asp.* In your humour Madam, nothing els, and I am as proude on't.

*Flo.* Do not flowt me; and you doe, I shall grow into my humour againe.

*Asp.* In ieast.

*Flo.* In earnest I shall, and then I know what I know.

*Asp.* You may: but and you do, I shall die againe.

*Flo.* In ieast.

*Asp.* Nay in earnest madam, and then

*Flo.* No more, thou hast driuen mee cleane out of conceite with my humor, I loue thee, I confesse it, shak be my husband, ile live with

with thee, thou art my life, and ile die with thee.  
What more I meane is coated in my looke,  
If thou acceptst it, I sweare,

*Asp.* I kisse the booke.

*Flo.* Boy, run to the master of my Gundo, and will him attend  
me after supper at the garden staires, I meane to take the evening  
ayre, tell him.

*Pa.* It shall be done madam.

*Exit.*

*Flo.* Nay if I say the word, it shall be done *Asser.*

*Boy.* Look to your selfe my Lord, I say my life, my Lady means  
to steale you away to night.

*Asp.* Away? ile call *Hortensio*, ile not be accessary to your fello-  
ny madam.

*Enter Hortensio and his man Assistance with a letter.*

*Flo.* The foule comes without calling.

*Ass.* You shall know him by these signes.

*Hort.* Good figure, very good figure, for as the house is found  
out by the signe, so must this traytor be sent out by the token,  
vp with the first signe good *Assistance*.

*Ass.* A proper man without a beard.

*Hort.* How? a proper man without a beard? we shall scarce finde  
that signe in all Venice: for the propernesse of a man liues akoge-  
ther in the fashion of his beard, good *Assistance* the next.

*Ass.* Faire spoken and well conditioned.

*Hort.* More straunge: you shall haue many proper men fayre-  
spoken, but not one amongst twenty well conditioned, but lofe,  
this should be the house by the signe, I must pick it out of him by  
wit.

*Flo.* As good say steale my Lord, what mary-bone of witte is  
your iudgement going to pick now?

*Hort.* I must, like a wise Iustice of peace, picke treason out of  
this fellow.

*Flo.* Treason?

*Hort.* I, treason madam; know you this hand?

*Flo.* My royall fathers:

*Hort.* Then whilst you and your fathers letters talke together, let  
me



me examine this fellow: are you a proper man without a beard?  
*Asp.* My properness fits contents me: for my beard, indeed that was bitten the last great frost, and so were a number of Justices of peace besides.

*Hort.* Tis rumour about the Court that your name is *Aspero*.

*Asp.* I am call'd *Aspero*.

*Hor.* Sonne to the Duke of Mantua that was.

*Asp.* The duke of Mantuaes sonne that is.

*Hort.* Then the Duke of Mantua has a traytor to his sonne, in his hands of him and to close prison with him.

*Flo.* Can he be closer then in my custody?

*Hort.* I do not thinke so madam, but your father has impos'd the trust vpon me.

*Flo.* And dare not you trust mee?

*Hor.* With my head if you were my wife, but not with my profit, if you were my mother: will you along sir?

*Asp.* With all my heart sir, see what your humour's come to now: go my Lord? as willingly as a slave from the gallies: for as I shall haue a stronger prison, so I shall bee sure of a kinder and a wiser iaylor.

*Flo.* Do you obserue how he flows you my Lord? that I had bin his keeper but one night longer: but keepe him close, if he escape (though against thy will) as I am a mayd,

*Hort.* A maide against your will.

*Flo.* Shalt pay as deere for't as thou didst for thy office.

*Hort.* If he scape, hang me.

*Exit & Asp. with Aspero.*

*Flo.* I shall with thee hangd, if he do not treason: I may thanke my peeuish humor for't.

*Enter Page.*

*Page.* Madam the Gundelo is ready.

*Flo.* Thou bringst physicke when the patient's dead boy: our ieaft's turn'd earnest.

*Pa.* Is a dead in earnest?

*Flo.* As good, or rather worse, hee's buried quick.

*Pa.* O madam, many a good thing has bin buried quick and forgiu'd againe, I would bee buried quicke my selfe, and I might choose

choole my grave.  
*Flo.* Flee's buried in close prison boy: hee's knowne for the  
duke of Mantuaes sonne, and by my fathers letter ascribed for a  
traytor.

*Pa.* Good gentileman, and I be not forrie for him: who is his  
keeper?

*Flo.* The testicasse *Pa.*

*Pa.* The fool lets enlure

*Pa.* The fool lets enlure

*Pa.* The fool lets enlure

*Flo.* We cannot

*Pa.* Cannot we can: your father made a Lord of him, but hee'd  
by me, his daughter shall make a foole of him: you are not the  
first woman has made a foole of a wiser Lord then hee.

*Flo.* Shall he be coulent?

*Pa.* As palpably as at the Loterie, my braine is in labour of the  
stratagem alreadie.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Actus Quartus*

## ACTVS QVARTVS.

*Enter Anthonio, Francisco, Hippolito, Hamon, Lucio,  
and Octavio disguised.*

*Anth.* Sons of Octavio if your princely thoughts  
Can stoop to such meane beaurty, from this hand  
Receive your wines, but should the Duke your father

*Fr.* Feare not old man, he was the meane that breath'd  
this spirit into vs.

*Hip.* Wood vs to this course.

But should he proue Apostata, denie

Love which he first enforced vs to profess,

So firme are our inseparat affections,

To winne we are forced loose the names of Lovers

*Oct.* You are not Lovers you, but hot-spirited youths

Whose rash experience, ere yett the

gordian knot which none but reason can loose



Catch his consent when an imperious  
Shakes a weak kneed the bulke  
Fr. Not stand it shall not *leap*  
the ground-works *leap*

Or. Not *leap*  
Fr. Not *leap*  
Should a speckle hand  
Our loue admit

Or. Then as  
your loue is  
Fr. } As in  
Fr. } As in

Or. And your  
Fr. } And ours  
Laid } And ours

Or. Then lend me all your hands,  
Whilst that a fathers tongue forbids the hands,  
Forgetfull boyes but most audacious  
That durst in thought conspire to wrong thy Prince,  
Out of my sight no Land that calls me Lord,  
Shall beare a waile so heauefull as thy fall,  
I haue euer banish'd it (since daies expired)  
Them or these heuall trumpets.

Fr. Father.  
Or. Boyes;  
If you be mine show't in obedience:  
Re three daies past you line with my *discretion*  
Then as a slave he dooms you to the gallies,  
And since thy heart is common to the gallies,  
Shall be their iustall organ in the gallies,  
Some boyes to Court that first *leap*  
When your heart is yours you *leap*  
Will they have our loue.

Fr. Our hearts and hands  
Or. Our hearts and hands  
Fr. Our hearts and hands  
Or. Our hearts and hands

*Interuent of breath*

Are soone blowne breath, are common wiles,  
Tintangle fooles, *For* him selfe sits and smiles  
At louers perjuries, bawd, prompts hence,  
My bolonie's charge, giue way to violence;  
Come doe not mind them.

*Exeunt. Ant. and his daughters.*

*Fran.* How? not minde them father?  
When in your Court you courted vs to loue,  
You red another loose, women then  
Were angells.

*Off.* True, but that was before: Angells  
Had power to make them diuell, they were then  
Fiends to themselves, and Angells vnto men.  
VVhen vpon *Po* thou find'st a cole-black swan,  
Th'ast found a woman constant to a man.

*Fr.* And not afore?

*Off.* Neuer afore.

*Hp.* Your tongue  
Vn speaks your former speech.

*Off.* It doth; new themes  
Must haue new change of Rhetorique, all streames  
Flow not alike one way; when I spake like a loue,  
It was to breake you from your souldiers humour;  
Having made you louers, I like Enuy, speak  
To make you hate loue; Art still strins to breake  
Bad to make better.

*Brothers.* You haue your wish.

*Off.* Then onward to the Court,  
Make vs of loue, as schoole-boyes do of sport.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Florimell and her Page.*

*Flo.* Call out the taylor boy, yet doe not hast got a beard like  
*Hortensio?*

*Page.* Yes, madam, I haue got his hayre, if I coulde come as ea-  
sily by his wit.

*Flo.* VVouldst rob him of his wit?

*Page.*



*Pa.* If I should, he could not hang me for tis not worth thirteen pence halfe penny. but what shall I do with it?

*Flo.* Put it on boy.

*Pa.* That shall I madam, O for ward age, I am a man already: how do you like me Lady?

*Flo.* Very ill, and my plot worse.

*Pa.* Then leaue it of, if you be grounded in the plot, You will but marre the Comedy.

*Flo.* I purposde, thou in the habit of *Hortensio*, shouldst vnder pretence of removing *Aspero* to a new prison, haue freed him out of the old one.

*Pa.* Tut, I can tell you a trick, worth two of that: madam, your care, take some care in the managing, and let me alone to prepare it.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Aspero and his Boy.*

*Boy.* Vd's foot breake prison my Lorde, tis but swimming the Riuer.

*Asp.* Breake prison? twere both dishonour to my name, and treason to my loue, what benefit wer't for me to free my body, & leaue my heart in bondage? Ile die, ere ile harbour a disloyall thought.

*Pa.* It beares no relish of disloyaltie: being in prison you liue as far from loue as liberty: being abroad, you may by letters, or a thousand meanes purchase hir company, and compasse your content.

*Asp.* Shalt be my Lawyer boy and counsell me.

*Boy.* Ile looke for my Fee then.

*Asp.* If thy Counsell prospers,

*Boy.* Thats an exception Lawyers neuer respect, but come my lord, leape, as we haue risen together, weele fall together.

*Enter Hort. Florimell and Page.*

*Asp.* Blame me not loue,

*Boy.* Vd's foot your saylor my lord.

*Asp.* Am I preuented?

*Exit.*

*Boy.* Yes faith, there had bin a Counsellors fee cast away now.

*Hort.* You haue heard his vsage Lady, seene his lodging, and if it please you, you both may and shall confer with him.

*Flo.* Prithee call him.

*Boy.* My Lord, your keeper hath brought a Lady or two to see you.

*Asp.* To see me? why am I turn'd monster? doth he take money to shew me? what doth a take a peece troe?

*Flo.* VVhy how now gallant, not gone yet?

*Asp.* Not, I thanke you Lady, and yet I was neer't.

*Hort.* How do you man?

*Asp.* Musty for want of ayring.

*Flo.* VVeele haue you hangd out i'the fresh ayre, one of these mornings,

*Asp.* You'd be glad to take me in then.

*Flo.* Yes, when you had hangd abroad a little: but my Lorde *Hortensio* (for I think I must be your Lady when all's done) what sport? I would be merry a purpose to make him mad; the room's priuate and fit for any exercise.

*Pa.* Vdssfoot to her, can a woman offer fairer for't?

*Hort.* VVhy shall we go to span-counter madam?

*Pa.* To span-counter, best ask her and sheele go to Coits,

*Flo.* No, I loue some stirring exercise, my body's condiciond like the sun; it would neuer be out of motion.

*Hort.* I hau't yfaith, when I was student in Padua, VVe vsde a most ingenious pastime.

*Flo.* The name my Lord.

*Hort.* I cannot giue it a name equall to the merit. Tis vulgarly calld Blindmans buffe.

*Pa.* Blind mans buffe? ha, ha, ha,

*Hort.* Do you laugh at it?

*Flo.* At the happines of your wit my Lord, that you shoulde hit vpon that sport, which of all other I delight in.

*Hort.* VVill you heare an Apology I made in the commendation of it?

*Flo.* Weele haue the thing it selfe first; and as we like that, weel heare



heare your Apologie after: who shall be hud-winckt first?

*Pa.* Who but the Author?

*Hort.* I, I, none shall be blind but I; helpe of with my gown boy.

*Pa.* What shall we haue to blind him?

*Flo.* My scarfe, take my scarfe my Lord.

*Pa.* There's a simple fauour for you.

*Hort.* And most fit, for indeed nothing blinds louers sooner then Ladies fauours, but who shall blind me.

*Flo.* Mary that will I my Lord, let me alone to blind you.

*Hort.* Good againe; for who should blind men, but beautilous women? come sweet madam.

*Flo.* But how if you take me? as I know that will be your ayme,

*Hort.* If I take you prisoner madam, you must either bee hud-winckt your selfe, or giue your conqueror a kisse for your ran-some.

*Flo.* An easie ran-some: ile not be prisoner long, if a kisse will en-large me.

*Pa.* Lord what scrambling shift has he made for a kisse and can-not get it neither; a little higher, so, so, so, are you blind my Lord?

*Hort.* As a purblind Poet: haue amongst you blind Harpers.

*Flo.* Me thinks he looks for all the world like God *Cupid*.

*Pa.* Take heed of his dart madam, he comes vpon you,

*Flo.* He cannot come to fast, O I am taken prisoner.

*Hort.* Your ran-some's but a kisse.

*Flo.* Is that your law of armes?

*Hort.* Yes madam, but ile take it on your lips.

*Flo.* My lips like faithfull Treasurers shall see it dischargde,

*Hort.* And here are my honest receiuers to take it.

*The Page puts his Pantofle to his lips, he kisses it.*

*Flo.* Am I freed now?

*Hort.* As if you had seru'd seauen yeare for't: sweete kisse, rare lippe.

*Pa.* Has she not a sweet breath my Lord?

*Hort.* As perfume.

*Pa.* And a soft lip?

*Hort.* And smooth as veluet: I could scarce discerne it from veluet:

*Humour out of breath.*

velvet:ide pawne my office for the fellow on't, madam.

*Pa.* Here.

*Flo.* Here *Aspero*, on with this beard and gowne: I thinke hee followes me by the sent, his hat, so: a narrowe misse yfaith my Lord?

*Hort.* Gone madam?

*Flo.* Euen vpon going, one of you counterfet my voice, there I deceiud you my Lord.

*Hort.* Haue you deceiud me madam?

*Flo.* Not yet, but I will, and you look not the better too't, busie him till you thinke we are out of the Court, and then followe vs: you shall find vs at the south port, now or neuer my Lord.

*Hort.* Why then I will neuer be *Lady*.

*Boy.* Here.

*Hor.* Where?

*Boy.* Here.

*Hort.* Scapt againe?

*Pa.* Shee's scapt indeed my Lord, you may cast your cap after her, for I see you can do no other good vpon hir.

*Hort.* What haue I catchd you?

*Pa.* Kisse her and let her goe.

*Hort.* Kings truce till I breath a little.

*Pa.* And you had neede so, for I thinke you are almost out of breath, if you be not, you shall be, and thats as good, but breathe and spare not.

*Enter Aspero like Hortensio, Florimell, and Assistance on the vpper stage.*

*Asp.* Did you euer conuerse with a more straunger dissolute, madam?

*Flo.* Peremptory iacke, iaylor, as you respect your office, lay speciall watch that none of what degree soeuer haue access to him.

*Asp.* Without me,

*Ass.* Or your signet.

*Asp.* Signet mee no signets, your goldsmiths shop is like your Swans neast, has a whole brood of signets, and all of a feather, & amongst many, one may be like another, let none enter vpon the stage



stage where *Asspero* playes the madam without *Hortensio*.

*Ass.* Is he mad my Lord?

*Ass.* As the Lord that gaue all to his followers, and beg'd more for himselfe.

*Flo.* If he call for me, tell him I come him.

*Ass.* If he counterfet my voice (as mad fellowes will counterfet great mens hands, and their tongues too) rate him for't, threaten him with the whip.

*Flo.* But come not at him.

*Ass.* If he call for meat promise him faire;

*Flo.* But giue him none.

*Ass.* If for light.

*Flo.* He may fire the house, let him haue none.

*Ass.* If he chafe, laugh.

*Flo.* If he rayle, sing.

*Ass.* If he speake fayre, flout him.

*Flo.* Do any thing to vexe him.

*Ass.* But nothing to content him, you heare my charge, as you respect your office regard it.

*Ass.* I warne you my Lord, let mee alone, and we knew not how to abuse a prisoner, we were not worthy to be a laylor.

*Exeunt.*

*They renew Blindmouses Buffs on the Lower stage.*

*P4.* Are you in breath my Lord?

*Hort.* As a bruers horse, and as long-winded; look to your selfe madam, I come ypon you.

*Boy.* I am ready for you sir, O for a bul-rush to run a rilk at's nose.

*P4.* A fayre misse yfaith.

*Hort.* Ile mend it next course you shall see,

*P4.* In the corner of the left hand, ydissot ware shines my Lord,

*Hort.* Madam.

*Boy.* Here.

*Hort.* Where?

*Helpe me vp Madam,*

*The boy throwes him downe,*

G

*Boy.*

*Boy.* O strange, cannot you get vp without helpe? there's my gloue, but come no neerer, as you loue me.

*Hort.* I do loue you madam.

*Boy.* Oh blind loue.

*Hort.* True madam; your beauty has made me blind.

*Pa.* Indeed loues sonnnes like spaniells are all borne blind.

*Hort.* But they will see.

*Boy.* Not till they be nyne daies old my Lord.

*Hort.* But will you giue mee the fingers that hold this gloue madam?

*Boy.* And the whole body to pleasure you my Lord, but let me go a little.

*Hort.* I will not loose you yet Lady.

*Boy.* But you shall my Lord; hift, then keepe me still.

*He fastens the gloue to a post.*

*Pa.* Faith let go my Lord, for she growes sullen, and you had as good talke to a post, and as good answer twould make you.

*Exeunt.*

*Hort.* Nay but deere madam, doe but answer me, may I presume, vppon my knees I beg it; but to take a fauour from your sweet lips, shall I? as I am not the first man, that loue has blinded; may I presume? I would be loth to offend your milde patience so much, as with an vnreuerend touch; speake; if I shall reape the haruest of my honest desires, make me blest in proposing the time when; what? not a word? are you displeased? or shall I take your silence for a consent? shall I? speake; or if modesty locke in your syllables, seale my assurance with a kisse: not? neither? shall I haue neither your word nor your bond? nay then I must make bold with modesty; by this kisse madam, O my hard fortune? haue I made suit to a poast all this while? what block but I, would haue bin so sencelesse? my excuse is, 'twas but to make my Lady sport: and Madam? how? Lady? madam? boy, madam, *Aspe* but whist, I haue the conceit, 'twas excellent in my Lady, and I applaud it, suppose my Lady and hir prisoner had an intent of priuate busines in the next roome; was it not better in her to blinde me, then I should as gentlemen vsers (cases to standing) haue blinded



blinded my selfe againe, I applaud her, and adore my starres that made me rather a blind then a seeing doore-keeper: shall I interrupt them? no, madam? they haue not done yet, sure they haue not: what haue we here? a base violl! though I cannot tickle the mynnikyn within, ile (though it be somewhat base) giue them a song without, and the name of the Ditty shall be;

*The Gentleman Vssers Voluntarie.*

*He sings.*

*Peace, peace, peace, make no noyse,*

*Pleasure and feare lie sleeping?*

*End, end, end your idletyes,*

*Jealous eies will be peeping.*

*Kisse, kisse and part, shough not for hate for pittie,*

*Ha done, ha done, ha done, for I ha done my dittie,*

And if you haue not done now too, let me be as base as my fiddle, if I rowze you not: madam for shame, what doe you meane to make of me, how? sfoote what haue you made of me already? all gone? laylor?

*Enter Assistance about.*

*Ass.* How now? who calls?

*Hort.* Why fancie knaue tis J.

*Ass.* You, what you?

*Hort.* A fingle V, I came in double, but I thanke them, they are gone out, and left me here a fingle. —

*Ass.* Foole, and so I leaue you.

*Hort.* Knaue, I am *Hortensio*, I charge thee let me out.

*Ass.* Foole, you lye, you are *Aspero*, and I haue charge to keepe you in.

*Hort.* From whom?

*Ass.* From my Lord *Hortensio*.

*Hort.* Sfoot knaue I tell thee I am hee, and thou wilt not beleeue me, trust thine eies, come in and see.

*Ass.* I will not serue your turne. I like a whole skinnie better then a pinkt one: content your selfe to night, and in the morning ile tell you more.

*Hort.* Where's my Lady, send hir hither,

*Humour out of breath.*

*Ass.* Shee's busie with my Lord *Hortensio*; but if you haue any vse for a woman, ile send you one of the Laundresses: fare you well fir, bee content, you shall want nothing of any thing you haue.

*Hort.* *Hortensio* gone out! and my Ladie busie with *Hortensio*? I am guld, palpably guld; whilst I like a blocke stood courting the post, *Aspero* is in my apparrell escapde: villains, traytors, open the doore, the Duke's abusd, his daughter's fled: I proclaime yee all traytors that hinder me in the pursuit.

*Ass.* O for a reasonable audience to applaud this sceane of mer- ryment: ile goe call my Lady and my Lord *Hortensio*.

*Exit.*

*Hort.* Blindmans buffe? I haue buffe it failely, and mine owne gullery grieues me not halfe so much as the Dukes displeasure, iaylor, not a wordtiaylor, there's no way to please a knaue but fayre words, and gold: honest kinde iaylor, here's gold for thee: doe but take pittie vpon me, a miserable coby-catched Courtier: not? neither fayre nor foule? thou art a degree worse then a woman; what shall I doe? I can compare my fortune and my vnfortunate selfe to nothing so fitlie as my Bale here, wee suffer enerie foole to play vpon vs for their pleasure: and inkeede 'twas the intent of our Creator that made fiddles and seruitors to nothing but to be playd vpon, and playd vpon wee shall be, till our heart strings crack, and then they either cast vs aside or hang vs vp, as worthy no other imployment; well, if I can not like my chance, of escape, so, if not, I must lie by it.

*Exit.*

*Finis actus Quarti.*

**ACTVS QVINTVS.**

*Enter Orlando, Francisco, Hippolito, Flaminio, &c.*

**M**Y daughter fled? and with *Hortensio*,  
It beares no formall shape of likelyhood.

*Exit.*



Hir Eagle spirit loard to proud a pitch,  
To seize so base a prey: pray search  
Look through the cities bosoms till they find her:  
For gone she is not.

*Enter* *Arbano* *sonne*  
Sent death by some base practise to their death?

*Arb.* His gifts are full of honor, truly I do  
What waighty businesse drives them from thy charge?

*Int.* Came not the cause afore me the proud *Manuano*  
Bastie reule, depose me from the seat

And chayre of Regentship, sending in quest  
Of pious *Arbano* their kin, *Arbano* *Duke*

Him if they find or *Asper* his sonne  
Thele trinstall him in the regiment

*Arb.* Him let them seeke in the vast shades of death,  
as for his sonne,

*Asp.* Hee's sure ynough my Lord, he was a good house when  
he came in, but I thinke, I have made a true soke of him by this

time, for a has neither had bread nor water these foure and forty  
houres.

*Arb.* More villain thou  
*Asp.* My Lord, *Manuano* was the villain, he left such command  
with mee, hee's the wheele that I run about, and I can my  
lack must strike when I am commanded.

*Arb.* Although my foe, hee's honorably tempted,  
Yet armed against my life, get call him forth

Guard in my safety with a troop of flicke  
And marke how proudly hee'll demene seutengels

*Enter* *Assistants* *and* *Manuano* *her husband*  
*his Count*

*Asp.* Goblins, spirits, furies, forer, the prison is haunted.  
*Arb.* With a knife is it

*Asp.* Yes, and an old foole my Lord, in the likeness of *Her*  
*Arb.*

*Arb.* With a knife is it  
*Asp.* Yes, and an old foole my Lord, in the likeness of *Her*  
*Arb.*

*Arb.* With a knife is it  
*Asp.* Yes, and an old foole my Lord, in the likeness of *Her*  
*Arb.*

*Arb.* With a knife is it  
*Asp.* Yes, and an old foole my Lord, in the likeness of *Her*  
*Arb.*

**Os.** Villain where's *Asper*?

**Ass.** I know not my Lord: I let him in and my Lady to laugh at him, and it seemes, he consented to treason, and let him out in his apparrell.

**Hor.** They consented together to couzen me, for taking delight (as my betters may doe) in a foolish pastime called Blindmans buffe, they stole away my gowne, escape the prison, and left mee in fooles paradise, where, what long I haue playd, my Violl can witnesse, they made me a little better then a bawd my Lord.

**Fr.** In act:

**Hor.** Not meerly in act: *sed cogitatione, & id satis est ut inquit Suetonius.*

**Os.** Is hee escaped, and *Flornell* with him?

**Hor.** *Forso* thy head shall answer.

**Hor.** I pray let my tongue be my heads Attorney, and pleade my excuse.

**Os.** Vrge no excuse, away with him to prison,

**Ass.** It shall be done my Lord.

**Os.** Nay you fir too, shall taste of the same sauce, away with both.

**Flamineo.** Come my sonnes,

Lets leauy present armes gaynst Mantua.

Being searce come home we must abroad againe,

The Common good is carefull Princes payne.

*Enter Anthanio, Lucida, Flornell and Lords.*

**Anth.** You that in all my banisht pilgrimage,

Would neuer alienate your naturall loves,

But in desire to see me reinstalled,

Haue thrust but proude *Os* away with Subtillure,

And seated me in ancient dignity,

I am yours, and ready at your best dispose.

**Lord.** Your owne, my liege, we like inferiour lights

Take life from your reflection, for like stars

Vnto the sunne, are Counsellours to Kings.



He feeds their orbes with fier, and their shine  
Contend to make his glory more diuine.

And such are we to great *Anthony*.

*Antb.* The veynes and arteries of *Anthony*  
Through which the blood of greatnesse flows in vs.  
Our life, and cause efficient of our state,  
And these our prety partners in exile.

*Lord.* We ha yet performd but the least part of duetie,  
Your reinstalment: it rests that with our blood,  
VVe keepe out innouaſiue violence.

*Ant.* You new-create me, and breath second life  
Into my dying boſome, knew my ſonne  
Of this vnlookt-for Fortune, but ill Fate  
Has playd the Traytor, and giuen vp his life  
To coward treason.

*Aspero within.*

*Enter Aspero and Florimell with their Pages.*

*Asp.* Vdſfoot what offence haue I committed againſt the ſtate,  
that theſe yron-handed *Plebeians* ſo applaud me for?

*Flo.* Tis a ſigne they loue you.

*Asp.* I had rather thy ſhould hate me, it makes mee ſuſpect my  
boſome, for they loue none, but the maſters of factions, treaſons,  
and innouaſions.

*Flo.* Then you doe not loue the Commons.

*Asp.* Yes, as wiſe men doe their flattering wines, only for ſhow:  
the popular voyce is like a crye of hauing hounds, and they get  
the foote of a fantaſticke and popular affecting ſtateſman, they  
neuer leaue him, till they haue chaſd him into diſgrace: & then,  
like hounds, are at a loſſe, and with their loſſe, ſee, I haue found  
my father, ſafety attend you.

*Antb.* Welcome thou hope of *Maryne* and of vs,  
VVe now are honors new beginners boy,  
And may we better thrive then heretofore.

*Asp.* Neuer doubt it father, I haue attractive ſuffe that will draw  
customers.

*Antb.* VVhat Lady's that.

*Flo.*

*Flo.* One that has playd the part of a Constable, brought you  
home a Runaway.

*Asp.* A friend of mine Father, but daughter to your Arch-  
enemy.

*Anth.* Othello's daughter?

*Asp.* Yes faith, you are out with the Father, and ile see if I can  
fall in with the daughter.

*Flo.* And am I not a good child to leave my fathers house and  
seauen, and hazard my honour vpon your sonnes naked pro-  
mise, and your hopefull acceptance?

*Asp.* She has followed me through much danger.

*Anth.* The better welcome, I loue her for't.

*Asp.* Like her and you please, id'e haue no body loue her but  
my selfe.

*Anth.* And Lady, though your Father be our foe,  
The vertuous loue betwixt our sonne and you,  
May nere the less retaine his sympathie.

*Flo.* Shall nere the less retaine his sympathy,

*Anth.* know I am loues resolute;

Confirmed and grounded in affection;

I lou'd your sonne, not for he was a Prince,

But one no better then his present fortunes,

Ile loue him still, since first I lou'd him so,

Let Father, friends, and all the world say no.

*Asp.* There's gentle Father, how can wee choose but get Cock-  
ing children, when father and mother too are both of the game.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mess.* To armes my Lord, Othello comes in armes  
To giue a proud assault vnto the City.

*Asp.* Proud his assault, as proud be our resist,

Vye shot for shot, and stake downe life for life,

Our brest's as bold as theirs, our blood as deepe,

All that wee'l loose, or this our gettings keepe.

*Her.* Come brother, talke not of deuouring war,  
Say messenger, comes not Othello's sonnes?

*Mess.* They do, as proudly as the morning Sunne

Beating



Beating the azured pavement of the heaven.

*Her.* Then feare not father, my sister and my selfe,  
Will be your champions and defend the Citty.

*Flo.* Why Ladies, haue you such large interest in our brothers.

*Fr.* Princeesse, we haue; within there: reach our shields,  
When beauty fights, the God of battaile yeelds. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Francisco, Hippolito, Flamineo, Iulio.*

*Enter Antonio, Aspero, Florimell, two Pages, Lords and  
Messenger above.*

*Flo.* They offer parlee, let mee answer them.  
Brothers, how now? who made you souldiers?  
Faith een my father as he made you louers?  
What hath he chang'd your shepheards hooks to swords?  
Of Amoradoes made you armed knights?  
O seld-scene metamorphosis! I haue knowne  
Souldiers turne louers, but for amorous louers  
To re-assume their valour, tis a change,  
Like winter-thunder, and a thing as strange.

*Fr.* Our sister prisoner?

*Hip.* Tell me *Florimell*,  
Dost thou liue there enforc'd, or of free-will?

*Flo.* Freewill, brothers, mine owne freewill, all free in Mantua,  
here's freewill yfaith, speake am I not a free-woman?

*Pa.* As if you had seru'd for't, any man may set vp vnder his copy  
without a protection.

*Fr.* I wag? are you there too?

*Pa.* Yes faith my Lord, my Lady has had my attendaunce to a  
hayre.

*Flo.* You lie boy.

*Pa.* If not mine, some bodies els: there's one has done——

*Asp.* What haue I done sirra?

*Pa.* Nay nothing, but what my Lady was very well content  
with.

*Fr.* VVhy sister, shame you not to set your loue  
On one, that is our Fathers enemy,

*Flo.* Shame not a whit; but come, your wenches brothers,  
I make no question, I haue won my wagers.  
Are they as faire as I?

*Hip.* Leauē that to triall.

*Asp.* make surrender of our sister.

*Asp.* And haue her in quiet possession? what do you thinke me,

*Fr.* We thinke thee a proud villain and our foe.

*Flo.* By heauen, th'are villains all that thinke him so.

*Hip.* Why doe you loue him.

*Flo.* I should curse my selfe

if I should hate him;

*Fr.* Bring the ladders forth,

Brauely assault to separate their liues.

*As they are scaling the walls, the Ladies come forth.*

*Her.* Stand proud *Francisco*.

*Pa.* Sand! O excellent word in a woman!

*Luc.* Hold *Hippolite*.

*Pa.* Hold! y<sup>p</sup> with that word, and tis as good as the other.

*Fr.* VVhat nymphe on goddesse in my *Herminies* shape,  
Stands to debar my entrance to the towne?

*Pa.* Madam, I wonder they enter not.

*Flo.* Why boy it seemes they dare not,

*Pa.* O cowards, and haue two such fayre breaches already.

*Fr.* Immortall *Pallas* that art more diuine;

In my loues beautie that thou cloth'st thee in,

Withdrawe thy selfe, and giue our fury liues.

*Her.* I will, but first *Francisco* take my shielde.

*Luc.* And mine as challenge to a single combat.

*Her.* Read the conditions and returne your answers.

*Flo.* VVell done yfaith wenches, O that the oldē gray-beard  
my Father were here, he haue a bout with him as I am honoura-  
ble.

*Fr.* VVhats here!

A shepheard wooing of a Countrymaide,

As she sits angling by a Rivers side,

By them an aged man making a nest!



The Motto: *Sic!* this Emblema morrall is,  
The former loue I had with *Lucida*,  
And this hope tells me that's faire. *Lucida*.

*Hip*. Brother, my shield the like presents to me,  
But holds far more familiar reference,  
Here doth the amorous shepherd kisse the Nymph;  
Which she with a chaste blush consents vnto:  
And see, a gloomy man, clad like a pilgrim  
Comes in, and seperates their sweet delights:

The Motto, *Sic!* I so my Father came,  
and banisht me from beautilous *Hermia*,  
and this hope tells me is faire *Hermia*.

*Fr*. The more I looke, the more me thinkes tis she.

*Hip*. The more I think the more I find tis she.

*Fr*. VVhat should I thinke to proue it is not she?

*Plo*. Looke, thinke, find, proue, doo what you can,  
These are the wenches that you courted than;  
Then hony bees lay by your smarting stings,  
and buz sweet loue into your Ladies eares,  
Tell them of kisses, and such prery things,  
These drumming dub adubs loues pleasure seares.

*Fr*. O heauen, oh fortune, and most happie stars,  
Do I find loue, where I expected wars?

*Hip*. I that but now was all for war and death,  
am made all loue, wars humour's out of breath.

*Enter Othanio, Indio, and others.*

*Oth*. How, my sonnes loue the daughters of my foe! it cannot  
be.

*Ind*. Then question them your selfe.

*Oth*. VVhy how now sonnes is this your worth in armes.

*Fr*. VVhy are we not in armes father.

*Hip*. Yes, and in such armes as no Coward, but woulde venture  
life to march in.

*Oth*. Then boies, you loue the daughters of *Anthony*.

*Fr*. VVe lik'd them first,

Oh you will have them

His Father-in-law they will

Oh I know what you think, but has your Ladyship  
to your husband

His One that I stumbled on at Blindman-buff, and yet such  
a man every year of his hand you would say for and yet know  
but so much as I — means to know me I think close with him

Oh he has some very good sense

Oh Great Duke I am and profess on my knees  
I have a piece which if your Grace deign  
I promise shall where'er I mildly kneel  
and call down bold defiance from their walls

Oh I would your love make my private all  
Your comfort's sweet, and I'll be bound  
To make it better than my former shall stand  
By my constant love and perfect duty

Then field of blood, and now under flame  
With hallow'd incense and the God of light  
Sweet to your senses with incense delight  
And for your sight O Duke

Oh Duke I have a piece which if your Grace deign  
I promise shall where'er I mildly kneel  
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